

# Excerpts from Quantum Negress Tantras, A Grimoire For Liberation

## Moonbones Evolutionary

3: *Select and determine the use of astral weaponry—mine is a machete*

to castrate the devil  
who pisses on the throne of heaven's earth

become so full of love  
that everything wrap around a mouth  
identifies justice

god the lying/thieving/raping/kidnapping/torturing/lynching/colonizing/greed-inseminating/genociding/  
plague-darting/holocaust-devising  
mother hater  
white folks' god  
is about to lose his thing

4. *Conspire with Nature*

signal the moon to adjust the tide  
remove time from the equations of history  
return the butterflies and the bees  
sweep the whales back into the sea

6. *Spidering*

a scary ghost  
a disappearing sheet  
a distant  
abandoned

anti

when served up a stiff dose  
bad gift  
lessness

let negation's servant  
receive their due

afix  
spindle to ether  
home to unknown  
transposition to dream

walk  
on  
spit  
and get there

7. *Ecstatic Sermonizing*

tonight  
witches sweep their insides and ride Gods  
insomniacs turn quietly away from themselves, rationalizing self betrayals

a golem dressed in man skin decorates itself in 24 karat track marks  
executes secret plans that spread discord among the family  
publishes reports that make no mention of this  
shades children beneath canopies of fear  
collects tears into rumors that disrupt the circulations of thunder and tenderness

someone secretly shoots up molten gold  
consecrates the enemy myth on stained glass hellmouths  
instructs innocents to build bus stop bombs  
invokes the suicide phoenix suicides  
a round  
fresh blood for each parasitic demon mounting a disintegrating skull

a mouth loses its bones  
a heart gets out of sync with itself  
currencies fluctuate

climate controllers/coders/mourners/a whopping bill/a lack/a lie/addiction/consumer/funeral/an  
industry/a CEO  
a man is doing the work machine  
he worked inside/the meat one/the candy one/the paper/the bread—the one where they make  
english muffins

a delicacy hoarder  
wraps his ideals in silk and falls asleep on them  
someone slangin most of the time/gangbangin/attending baby showers/dating someone's sister  
someone wounded  
fights the reflex to die  
someone who weeps

someone breaks open  
a vast healing wound appears  
a veil explodes

slaves  
world  
release the haloes  
rebuke fear  
love

8. *Shameless Femming*

I have never believed  
in planting flags in summits  
nor hoarding land or spacescapes  
I prefer instead  
to rest in the borderlands  
where earth and sky mingle  
and bear my openings  
directly  
to God's fingers